

## Bound to Duty

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Summary: You may think you have freedom. But do you?

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The font has been changed, and this little note says it's set in the future. I forgot to add that.

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\_ She watched as her friends split up, fleeing in different directions. Another mission gone wrong.  
> She'd been the volunteer to distract the Yeerks, while her friends sabotaged the latest Yeerk project. But it had all gone wrong.<br>Slash. Punch. Roar. It was getting harder now. Harder to keep her fears to herself. Harder to control herself against taking a run for freedom, or going out in a suicidal rage.  
> Harder.<br> < Oh my God! > She screamed inside her mind. < What am I doing? >  
> Finally, her madness broke free, inside her, as her mind retreated.<br> She screamed as a Hork-Bajir slashed her down the back. Instead of counter-attacking, she ran for the exit, forgetting her objectives, but nothing much more stood in her way, except...  
> In front of her stood a girl with a Dracon beam.<em>  
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\* \* \*

><br> I was sent here to secure the exit. I went in a temper, for I wanted battle.  
> My name is disgraced, so you need not know. But you can know that my siblings call me 'weakling'. But I am not a weakling. I am worthy as a warrior as the next Yeerk.<br> I listened to the screams of the Resistance, but ignored the screams of my fellow warriors as they lay, dead or dying. They were the weaklings. Warrior Yeerks make up the backbone of this Empire, yet we are treated like slaves. There would be no honorable burials for them.  
> But I plan to become much more than a warrior. When the time is

right, I will overthrow Visser Three.<br> As I turned to hurry to the safety of the Medic rooms, my eyes were locked onto the ceiling, as not to see the bodies. The smells of burning flesh assaulted my nose, and I gagged and reached for my hanky. I held my Dracon firmly, as I took out my hanky, but almost dropped it. It was covered in blood.

> Why does this happen to me? Why am I the 'weakling', while my friends fight and gain higher ground in the heirachy? <br> < Yeerk! >

> An Andalite bandit. Or a human morpher.<br> We had found out only six months ago, that as well as the Andalite bandits, there was a group of human children, capable of morphing. They had spread their powers to other humans, so they had a little guerilla force.

> The Animorphs Resistance.<br> We Yeerks laughed at this. Getting mere children to do the dirty work? But inside, I also felt a kind of pity for them. I try to ignore this, for any Yeerk that feels cannot be a warrior, although I suspected that the host's emotions were affecting me in some way.

> But there could be no pity now, as I turned around, to stare at the animal in front of me. An Animorph, Original or Recruit. But it didn't matter. It wasn't large, but certainly fierce enough.<br> "Who are you?" I asked smoothly, in my loud human voice.

> &lt; None of your business! Move, or I'll run you down! Please! &gt;<br> "Touchy, touchy," I sneered. "Begging for kindness, perhaps?"

> I knew that for the moment, I had the upper hand. I regarded the Animorph calmly as I raised the Dracon beam and pointed it, straight at the creature's face.<br> Then my hand shook. It shook violently, then I dropped the Dracon beam, and then I knew what was happening. A host rebellion.

> &lt; Never! We shall always be free. We will survive as a species, not as symbiotes! &gt; My host, obviously very passionate about freedom, after her father died, her mom became a controller, and her two sisters went missing. Not too bad for personal tragedy.<br> < Yeerks are the dominant race of the galaxy. And it shall stay that way! > I taunted her. Her confidence dropped, and I quickly regained all control, once again.

> I was brought back to my conscience by the sound of a growl. The Animorph was eyeing me strangely, it's dark eyes sparkling, and I could see the hatred in them.<br> < Now. You lose, Yeerk! > The Animorph said savagely, its' hatred taking over. < I'm going to run you down! >

> "If I die, I will die bravely, <em>daspen<em>!" I shouted. But the truth was, I was afraid of death. Afraid of leaving this life.

> And then I realized. I realized that I had never achieved my main objective, one I never acknowleged, the chance to see the world and take in the beautiful sights, tastes, smells, and sounds, that my host had dreamed of. My host had also dreamed of seeing her sisters again. And anybody who had their freedom of expression was killed.<br> I thought I had freedom. But I was just a slave as anybody else. Because I always had to follow orders. No freedom to do what I wished. No freedom for my host to do what she wished. And now I realize the truth, just as I die.

> I was always bound to duty.<br> The Animorph lowered her head, and charged.

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> <em> The girl screamed as the Animorph barged into her with her shoulder. The momentum carried both Animorph and girl forward, as they slammed into the steel bars of the gate. The girl's head jerked back violently, and on her head appeared crimson traces of blood,

with bruises all over her body.<br> She dropped to the floor.  
> The Animorph walked over, to where the steel gate was. She pushed open the gate, and she knew that above the stairs she would literally smell the fresh air, and hear the chirping of birds. Freedom.<br> But she had one more thing to do.  
> She turned back to the girl, now dead. Her body, including her neck was bent at a strange angle, and a pool of blood circled her. But she had a peaceful expressions on her face, and her lips were parted, as if trying to say something.<br> She nuzzled the girl as her sense finally broke through her madness, and began to go past the gate and walk up the stairs, to freedom.  
> But she looked back, for she could not abandon the sight.<br> < I hope you're free now... Sara. >\_

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> <p> <p>

#### Constructive criticism! And which one of Sara's sisters do you think was the Animorph? I've deliberately avoided from mentioning anything that might be associated too closely to an Animorph. But I think it's Rachel.

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End  
file.